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# UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLIX. CHICAGO, APRIL 24, 1902. NUMBER 8

JUST OUT.

## THE NEW WORLD and THE NEW THOUGHT

BY REV. JAMES THOMPSON BIXBY, PH. D.

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Unity Publishing Company, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

# TOWER HILL SUMMER SCHOOL

## 1902. THIRTEENTH SEASON. 1902.

### PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT SUBJECT TO REVISION.

In view of the frequent criticism that the Tower Hill Summer School is tardy with its announcements and consequently misses the consideration it would receive at the hands of those who are forehanded and make their summer plans early, at the close of the successful season of 1901, the School itself took the next season's work into deliberate consideration and the officers were asked to take "time by the forelock" and promulgate this preliminary announcement immediately. This tentative program is born out of the very satisfactory experiences of the season of 1901 and has been so carefully thought out by the teachers and pupils of that School that it may be confidently counted upon subject to such modifications and improvements as time may develop. Suggestions solicited.

DATES.—1902. July 13 to August 17, inclusive, representing five weeks of five days in the week, six Sundays.

#### FORENOONS.

SCIENCE, NATURE AND FIELD WORK, with special reference to the needs of children and young people and the teachers of such; 8:15 to 10:15 a. m. generally divided into two periods. Dr. O. G. Libby, Madison, Wis., Professors W. S. Marshall, Madison, Wis., and T. R. Lloyd Jones, Hartford, Wis.; Mrs. G. M. Bowen, Minneapolis, Minn., and Miss Etta M. Bardwell, Ottumwa, Iowa, committee.

a. First week, general zoology; second and third weeks, insects; fourth week, animals from ameba to man.

b. Trees and flowers. First two weeks, flowering plants; second two weeks, trees and shrubs.

c. Birds throughout the season to suit the convenience of students.

d. Geology and astronomy, as convenient.

No text books or class exercises. The aim will be to study such life as abounds on and around the Hill, and to give such elementary interpretations and helps as will interest children and teachers in their work throughout the year and create a more lively appreciation of Nature's marvels.

LITERATURE.—10:30 a. m. to 12 m.

*First Week.*—Shelley and his Poet-train. Mr. Jones, leader.

*Second Week.*—Normal Sunday-school work. The sixth year in the "Seven years' course on Religion." "The Growth of Christianity"; The Literary, Art, Science and Biographical Stepping Stones of Progress Through the Nineteen Christian Centuries. Mr. Jones, leader.

*Third Week.*—The Arthurian Cycle. Miss Annie B. Mitchell, leader.

*Fourth Week.*—John Ruskin as a Student of Social Problems. Mr. Jones, leader.

*Fifth Week.*—Robert Browning's "Ring and the Book." Mr. Jones, leader.

#### AFTERNOONS.

No exercises. Sacred to sleep, silence and such walks, talks and drives as re-create.

#### EVENINGS.

Two lectures a week, freely illustrated with stereopticon. Committee: O. G. Libby, T. R. Lloyd Jones, Miss Gwen Jones, Chester Lloyd Jones and Miss Anna Nell Philip.

#### SUNDAYS.

Vesper Readings, 7:30, by Mr. Jones every Sunday evening. Three Sundays, double meetings, forenoon and afternoon; basket dinner in the woods: dinner, ice cream, etc., served in dining hall to those desiring it; *July 13*, Inauguration Day, "Nature Sunday"; *July 27*, "Farmers' Sunday"; *August 10*, Twenty-first Annual Helena Valley Grove Meeting.

August 17, closing preaching services, 2:30 p. m.

#### SPECIAL FEATURES.

FOR UNATTENDED CHILDREN.—The experience of Miss Wynne Lackersteen in 1901, in taking charge of unaccompanied children, proved so successful that she will be prepared to give personal attention and direction of study and exercise to a few boys under fifteen congenial to one another. Similar arrangements can be made for a group of girls if desired.

*Library Class.*—Miss Evelyn H. Walker, graduate of the University of Chicago Library Class and Librarian of All Souls Church, Chicago, as in 1901, will have a class in library work with special reference to the needs of small libraries, Sunday-school and public school librarians.

*Sketching Class.*—Tower Hill offers special attractions to the art student. A class in sketching and water colors will be organized under a competent teacher, special attention being given to such water color work as is now required of public school teachers, when desired by the students.

*Sociability.*—The atmosphere of the school is quiet. We seek to meet the needs of tired teachers, preachers and workers and life seekers who need renewal of nerve not the excitement of society, a re-creation of spirit better than a dissipation of energy. We seek to emphasize the solemnities of life rather than the trivialities. Simplicity of dress, quiet conversation and early retiring are the leading characteristics of the school which seeks to be a SCHOOL OF REST by being a school of thought. It seeks to strengthen character rather than to impart information, to generate wholesome enthusiasm rather than inculcate method. It is non-sectarian but religious, free but earnest.

For further information inquire of any of the undersigned officers, who solicit correspondence to the end that the needs and wishes of those who attend will be met as far as possible.

*President*—O. G. Libby, Ph.D., University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.

*Vice-President*—T. R. Lloyd Jones, Superintendent of Schools, Hartford, Wis.

*Secretary and Treasurer*—Mrs. Annie L. Kelly, 9 Aldine square, Chicago.

*Additional Directors*—Prof. W. S. Marshall, University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.; Miss Ellen C. Lloyd Jones, Hillside Home School, Hillside, Wis.; Miss Emma Saulsbury, Ridgely, Md.; Miss Cordelia Kirkland, 174 Oakwood boulevard, Chicago; Miss Juniata Stafford, Appleton, Wis.; Mrs. G. M. Bowen, 1605 Kenwood Park Way, Minneapolis, Minn.; R. H. Denniston, University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.; Prof. E. C. Perisho, State Normal School, Platteville, Wis.; Prof. W. H. Dudley, State Normal School, Platteville, Wis.; Miss Amalie Hofer, 530 East Forty-seventh street, Chicago; Miss Elizabeth C. Buhmann, 456 North avenue, Chicago; Mrs. Hermann Hofer Hegner, 356 North Winchester avenue, Chicago; Mrs. H. D. Osgood, 162 Oakwood boulevard, Chicago.

Conductor, JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

# *Twelfth Season.* TOWER HILL SUMMER ENCAMPMENT *Twelfth Season.*

This is the host of the above Summer School. It is equipped with a pavilion for meetings, a general dining-room, ice house, water works, cottages, longhouses, garden, team and buckboard and the services of a man who resides on the Hill throughout the year.

The season lasts from July 1 to September 15. House accommodations for about forty people. Applications for such should be made early. Accommodations in tents for all who may apply.

Shares in the Tower Hill Pleasure Company can be obtained for twenty-five dollars, which carries with it the privileges of a building site. Private cottages can be built for from one hundred and fifty dollars upward. The company owns sixty-two acres of ground picturesquely situated on the Wisconsin River, three miles from Spring Green, a station on the Prairie du Chien Division of the C., M. & St. P. R. R., thirty-five miles west of Madison. It is on the list of summer resorts of the above railway and special round trip summer rates are given.

See "Bits of Wayside Gospel," first and second series, by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, published by Macmillan, for descriptions of Tower Hill and surroundings.

**FOR CAMPERS** and those who wish to board themselves. The Company having leased the adjoining Clancey Farm for a term of five years came into possession of a five roomed cottage, suitable for housekeeping and convenient camping grounds for those who would like to bring their own tents and equipments.

For further information, prices, etc., inquire of Mrs. Edith Lackersteen, Spring Green, Wisconsin, during the encampment; for the rest of the year, 3939 Langley avenue, Chicago.

# UNITY

VOLUME XLIX. THURSDAY, APRIL 24, 1902. NUMBER 8

## RECONCILLATION.

**No man can climb so close to God**
**But needeth to beseech Him,**
**Nor lapse so far to devilhood**
**That mercy can not reach him,**
**We stand, with all, on level ground.**
**In equal human fashion,**
**Encompassed by the blue profound**
**of infinite compassion!**

**Shake hands then on the rusted swords,**
**O blood-bedraggled nation!**
**Smite down the past with sweet accord**
**Of reconcillation;**
**Walk brotherly and lovingly**
**The upward paths of duty,**
**And let the kings and tyrants see**
**A people's kingly beauty!**

—*Richard Realf.*

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Delaware has an important addition to the ordinary "bird and game laws" which a correspondent commends to other states. This law provides for the registration of special officers for the enforcement of such laws. It is said that this provision greatly adds to the efficiency of the law.

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Stonehenge is at last receiving the attention of archeologists, the absence of which was so lamented by Emerson in his day. It is said that in some recent handling of the fallen monoliths, that implements of the new stone age were discovered. This places the weird, inscrutable temple anterior to the bronze age. Earlier than 1500 B. C. is a ventured date. Life broadens and deepens with the growth of science.

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The quarrel over the Cuban tariff law is still a humiliating illustration of the big brother domineering by virtue of his bigness over the little brother. Governor-General Wood and President-elect Palma both agree that a 33 1-3 per cent reduction is a living necessity to Cuba, and that 50 per cent is necessary to the prosperity of the island, but the impecunious tobacco and sugar trusts of the United States are wailing over a 20 per cent reduction. The poor American capitalist can not stand any more.

---

Rev. Columbus Bradford, whose book entitled "A New Chance" was noticed in these columns some months ago, has recently been read out of the Methodist Conference on account of that book. The gist of the heresy lies in Mr. Bradford's hope for the future of the soul, which is to find its development and perpetuity, as he thinks, in successive reincarnations. Mr. Bradford's society at Okaville, Illinois, protested against the ruling of the bishop. A committee, eighty strong, have taken up the case of their pastor. They do not propose to give him up without at least the dignity and formality of a regularly organized heresy trial.

Hon. William J. Buchanan, ex-director-general of the Buffalo Pan-American Exposition, once the United States minister to the Argentine Republic, has been lecturing in Boston on the work of the International American Conference at Mexico City, concerning the greatest question in modern statecraft, viz.: "International Arbitration." The popular impression is that not much was accomplished by the Pan-American conference recently held in the city of Mexico. Probably this impression rests on the lack of perspective and on inability to appreciate Messianic events when too near. This conference will probably occupy a larger place in the thought of the next generation than in this.

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We recently called attention to the timely course of seven lectures now being delivered under the auspices of the Old South Meeting House by Edwin D. Mead on "Men Who Have Worked to Organize the World." The leaflet making this announcement to the Boston public contains a page of interesting bibliography of books bearing on this subject which can doubtless be had for a postage stamp and the asking by addressing "Old South Lectures," Boston, Mass. This same benignant enterprise issues several five cent leaflets bearing on the history of international thought, among which are extracts from the writings of William Penn, Grotius and Dante. Let teachers who want to keep their children in touch with the best thought and ministers who are anxious to reclaim the reputation of the pulpit of dealing in abstractions and theological subtleties supply themselves with these helps, and both the the teaching and the preaching will be more vital.

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According to official figures, recently made public, England, in the face of its ever increasing war tax and decreasing revenue, its laboring people confronted by a bread tax, it has set apart in its civil service budget $500,000 for the coronation of King Edward. And who is King Edward? An English "Sport" with a seamy life, with his blood somewhat tamed by age, whose tastes gravitate to the race course and whose studies seem to be largely confined to court etiquette and traditional costumes. This man is to be crowned king with all this pomp and state over thousands of men who are his superiors in intellect, ethical development, executive ability and knowledge of government. No wonder that he and his country should fail to understand the desire of the simple people of the Transvaal to govern themselves and their determination to fight to the death the imperial pretensions of a king so far away, and such a king! Let not the American people lose their abhorrence of this kind of thing. King Edward VIII and his furbelowed retinue are the successors of King George III and his cohorts. Democracy is both a protest and a prophecy in the same need of friends now, in 1902, as then, in 1776.

The world is beginning to understand more and more that Russia is the home of extremes, the land of surprises. It is hard to realize that this government, guilty of so many barbarities, still has abolished capital punishment for nearly 200 years, Empress Elizabeth, the daughter of Peter the Great, having swept the statute book clean of this barbarity which still remains to soil the statute books of most of the United States of America. A recent movement to introduce the death penalty for political offences into the Russian code is being met with such vigorous protest that it will probably be withdrawn. Belgium, Italy and some cantons of Switzerland have also abolished the death penalty. So far as outward signs go, the United States seem to be undergoing a reactionary movement in favor of the death penalty. This is not surprising, for the death penalty is the logical attendant upon the military spirit. The arts of war minimize the sanctity of life. The United States in common with all the civilized world needs to place a new emphasis on the sacredness of life. It should not ruthlessly destroy what it can never create.

## Is This the Time for Silence?

UNITY has not lost a subscriber for some time on account of its outspokenness concerning the invasion of the Philippines by an American army. This is not caused by a change in the spirit or letter of UNITY, but, as we fondly hope, because of a change in the public mind. Slowly the American public has come to feel with the private soldier, an alumnus of the Hillside Home School, who writing to his former teachers, said: "There is little glory in shooting down defenceless and poorly armed, half civilized people." The American people were beginning to hope that the worst was over, to trust that somehow the wisdom of Governor Taft and the Civic Commission which he represented, the sober second thought of the administration at Washington, would gradually withdraw the army and install some kind of self-government there.

But here come the horrible revelations, not only of the lawlessness of the army in extenuation for which the general in command has only the "great provocation" to offer, but what seems to be uncontrovertible evidence that the representatives of the United States have sunk into mediaeval cruelty and practiced apparently in numberless cases the horrible torture of the "water cure," a torture the refinement of which would delight the heart of Torquemada himself. We have at hand an open letter to the secretary of war, written by Herbert Welsh of Philadelphia, which gives specific evidence from what seem most reliable sources, that this horrible cruelty was practiced over and over again by the regular soldiers of the United States acting under orders. We will not attempt to describe the horrible tortures here, for our readers are readers of the current papers. We are disposed to give the government a chance to clear itself. The only clearance possible in this direction is an unqualified disproval of the alleged fact. At the beginning of the twentieth century in republican America any excuse for the "torture" is inadmissible. If Gen. Smith did give to Major Waller the command: "Kill and burn everything over ten" in an island with a Christian population of 200,000, the *New York Evening Post* is right in saying:

> We are disgraced in the eyes of the world. Only one shame could be greater, and that would be for Americans not to be ashamed. It seems as if we could not hold up our heads again, such scornful fingers are sure to be pointed at us from every quarter. Imagine Englishmen reading of our meetings to protest against cruelties in South Africa, after this! Even defeated and distracted Spain will retort on us for our own Alvas and Torquemadas outdoing hers. We shall have to rewrite our histories.

and it is further right in saying that "Tingling shame about all this is not enough." Time has come to speak again. And this call for utterance now is a call upon the pulpits of the land, a demand upon the religious press, upon school teachers, particularly mothers, wives not only in their private capacity, but in their boastful organized power. Let the churches give over their claim to moral leadership and the woman's clubs cease to boast of their ethical power if such atrocities as these are to go unrebuked, and such an indignity to the flag is to go unchallenged and unrectified by a mighty moral uprising throughout the United States such as has been unknown since the most glaring atrocities perpetrated under the fugitive slave law.

IS IT NOT TIME TO SPEAK OUT? Has not the hour arrived for great public meetings gathered in cities and in hamlets? Let the protest come from country school houses and echo in all the legislative halls of the land. Let there be such an outburst of spiritual indignation, of civic penitence, as will prove that the commercialism and militarism that have so browbeaten, stultified and paralyzed the American conscience have not killed that conscience outright. It has been stupefied but it is not destroyed.

Again we ask: *"Has not the time come to speak?"* There is but one way out of this horrible disgrace. Happily the United States has made a beginning in the right direction. It can, it must, and it will eventually do for the Philippines what it has done for Cuba. Anything else is to perpetuate a war in which there is no honor, to persist in a disgrace that will be measured by centuries.

In this connection UNITY, that was so frank in expressing its disappointment in and disagreement from some of the earlier findings of President Schurmann when on the Philippine commission, now hastens to express its delight in the recent manly and clear utterances of the President of Cornell University in this connection. His book on "Philippine Affairs" is a book that carries all the more weight because he tried so hard to see the right in the American invasion and believe in the singleness of purpose and the loftiness of aim on the part of the United States government in this lamentable business. Let President Schurmann's words receive the consideration they deserve in the executive mansion, in the cabinet chambers and on the floors of congress. Has not the time come to speak? Note these words of Dr. Schurmann:

> The sentiment of nationality, wherever it exists, is unquenchable and irresistible. It arms even a weak nation with the might of omnipotence. By it a few hundred thousand Boers have successfully resisted the enormous power of the British Empire for the space of three years. If a general national feeling has emerged among the Filipinos of

Luzon and the Visayas, if a new political consciousness with a love of independence has been born, if the sense of a common nationality has begun to exist, then, in the light of such a feeling, and of the combined national action to which the feeling leads, I say it behooves us to pause and consider our whole Philippine policy from beginning to end. For our own hearts tell us that such a national consciousness deserves, and history teaches it will achieve, the national independence to which it aspires.

## THE PULPIT.

### "Lincoln Soldiers."

A CONFIRMATION CLASS SERMON BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES, DELIVERED IN ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO, APRIL 6, 1902.

*"Die when I may, I want it said of me by those who knew me best, that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower when I thought a flower would grow." —Abraham Lincoln.*

Let me tell you of the circumstances under which the great Abraham Lincoln spoke the words of your class motto.

In a little book recently published, entitled "Lincoln in Story," by Silas G. Pratt, a book which I wish you all might own and which you can certainly all read, Mr. Pratt tells us that these words were spoken to Lincoln's early friend, Joshua R. Speed, who kept a store in Springfield in the early days of Illinois.

When Abraham Lincoln, the awkward young man from New Salem, came to Springfield with his saddle bags on a borrowed horse for the purpose of opening a law office, Joshua Speed invited him to share his bed with him in the vacant loft above the store, because it made Lincoln so sad when he thought he should have to go in debt to the extent of $16 and some odd cents, the sum which a bed and bedding would cost him if he undertook to furnish a room for himself.

This good and wise friend was in Washington about ten days before Lincoln's second inauguration. The closing days of Congress were making great demands upon the President. There were many bills to sign. The great war was at its full height. Perhaps a million men were under arms, and great issues were pending. Washington was full of visitors, politicians seeking appointments for themselves or their friends, contractors and speculators pushing their business; unhappy mothers, discouraged wives, and forlorn fathers seeking furloughs, discharges, or pardons for soldiers that were in sickness, weakness, or disgrace. This great tide of complaints, grievances and petitions surged through the President's room from morning till night, until he was worn down in health and spirit. Mr. Speed in his description of the occasion continues:

"The hour had arrived to close the door against all further callers. No one was left in the room excepting the President, myself, and two ladies dressed in humble attire who had been sitting near the fireplace, modestly waiting their turn. The President turned to them and said: "Well, ladies, what can I do for you?" They both began to speak at once. One was the wife and the other the mother of a man who was in prison for having resisted the draft in Pennsylvania. "Give me your petition," said the President. "We have got no petition,. We could not write one and had no money to pay for writing it, and we thought it best to come and see you," said the aged mother. "Oh," said the President, "I understand your case." Then the President rang his bell and sent a messenger to the proper officer for a list of those who were in prison for this offense. Lincoln asked if there were any differences in the charges or degrees of guilt. The officer replied, "None." "Well," said the President, "these fellows have suffered long enough. I have thought so for some time. Now my mind is made up on the subject. I believe I will turn out the whole flock. So draw up the order, General, and I will sign it. It was done, and the General left the room. Turning to the women, the President said: "Now, ladies, you can go; your man will be home to meet you." The younger of the two ran forward and knelt in thankfulness. "Get up," he said, "don't kneel to me, but thank God and go." The old lady seized his big hand in both of hers and said, "Good-bye, Mr. Lincoln, I shall probably never see you again till we meet in heaven." The President was deeply moved. He instantly took her right hand in both his own and said: "I am afraid with all my troubles I shall never get to the resting place you speak of, but if I do I am sure I shall find you. That you wish me to get there is, I believe, the best wish you could make for me. Good-bye."

Said Mr. Speed: "Lincoln, with my knowledge of your nervous sensibility, it is a wonder to me that such scenes do not kill you." With a languid voice, the tired President replied: "Yes, you are to a certain degree right; I ought not to undergo what I often do. I am very unwell now. My feet and hands of late seem to be always cold, and I ought, perhaps, to be in bed; but things of the sort you have just seen do not hurt me. To tell the truth, that scene is the only thing to-day that has made me forget my condition or given me any pleasure. I have in that way made two people happy and alleviated the distress of many a poor soul whom I never expect to see. That old lady was no counterfeit. The mother spoke out in all the features of her face. It is more than one can often say, that in doing right he has made two people happy in one day. Speed, *die when I may, I want it said of me by those who know me best, that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower when I thought a flower would grow."*

Surely you have chosen a beautiful motto, and the motto grows more beautiful when it is placed in its proper setting, when we know the conditions under which it was spoken. Can we realize the circumstances? The White House, beset by the influential, the wealthy, the cultured and the beautiful; the floors of Congress teeming with excited life, the great armies of Grant, Sherman and the others forming a great battle line reaching from the Atlantic to Texas; and here, at the close of the fatiguing day, were two unlettered women from Pennsylvania, too simple and ignorant to write a petition or to know the proper way of approaching a President. They did not know enough, or were not rich enough, to secure the services of a lawyer, a congressman, or an "influential friend," such as represent the usual way of reaching the President. He was too tired and too busy to look into details; but he was too just to be partial. He knew there were others in prison as the result of the same rash act, the same mistake; and he knew further that men are not made better by imprisonment. His tender heart had for some time felt that "These fellows have suffered long enough," and hence he gave the order, "Turn out the whole flock," so as to be sure that the son and husband of these poor women "in humble attire," as Mr. Speed put it, was among them. He sent the women home rejoicing. He declined the homage of the younger. "Do not kneel to me, but thank God and go." But the words of the elder touched the great heart when she said:

"I shall never see you again till we meet in heaven," and with both her hands in his, he said, "If I get there, I am sure I shall find *you* there. That you wish me to get there is, I believe, the best wish you could make for me. Good-bye."

My dear children, you do not need any further help from me to find a sermon in the beautiful text you have chosen and the more beautiful story that enshrines it, but let us try to think it out together. First we will think of the man who gave us our text; then of

the "Lincoln soldiers" whom he led and inspired, and after that we will think of the "thistles" and the "flowers" which you and I may pluck or cultivate.

First, the man. O how the story tempts us. What a great story it is of this man, born in the log cabin with clay floor, in the wild woods of Kentucky,—the man whose father held him on his knee while he told him the ghastly story of a grandfather shot dead by a lurking Indian in sight of his three little boys. He told how the elder ran to the cabin, seized the musket and laid the Indian low, while the second ran to the fort, three miles off, to give the alarm. And little Thomas, only six years old, was spared to be the father of Abraham Lincoln.

"God bless my mother," Lincoln once said to a friend. "To her I owe all that I am or hope to be in the world." But at nine years old, in another cabin, deep in the forests of Indiana, the little mother sickened. With her hand upon his head she asked him to remember the Bible stories she had taught him, to keep God's day holy, to tell no lies, to say no wicked words, to read the Bible which had been her comfort and strength; and then she died, and when the neighbors came little Abe sobbed, "I haven't any mother now." About this time Abe was learning to write, and he wrote for his father to the good old elder in Kentucky, asking him to come and say a word over his mother's grave. It took three months for the letter to go and the preacher to come, but he came at last, the neighbors gathered under the trees around the grave, and the heart of little Abe was sweetened and strengthened.

I can not dwell on this story. You know a part of it already, but there is much more of it to learn. You may be sure that the trees and the solitudes of the wild woods had much to do in making noble the heart of Abraham Lincoln, for in lonely places is the soul companioned with great thoughts and high purposes, and in the solitudes does God oftentimes most consciously dwell.

You know of the good step-mother, who "always understood him." You know how he used to ride on horseback through the deep woods, with his bag of corn to the mill; how he earned his first dollar by rowing two passengers to the middle of the stream to catch the steamer, and how they each threw half a dollar back into the bottom of his boat. When he was a great President he said: "It seems a very little thing in these days, but that trifle was an important incident in my life. I could hardly think that by honest work I had earned a dollar. The world seemed wider and fairer before me. I was a hopeful boy from that day."

I like that other story how, when a clerk in a country store in Illinois, counting his cash one evening he found that he had made a mistake in making change, and had taken six cents too much from a woman who lived three miles away. And after the store was closed that night he walked the six miles to return the sixpence.

You know the story of the flat-boat that was built on the Sangamon by the help of him who was already "Honest Abe," how he helped take the boat down the Sangamon, down the Illinois, down the Mississippi, all the way to New Orleans. The best part of this story is that when he saw a slave auction block and heard a man sell a colored woman as he would a horse, the tall raftsman said, "My God, if the chance is ever given me, I will hit that thing hard."

Dear and familiar stories crowd upon me: The story of Lincoln the land surveyor giving his horse to the poor man who must hurry to the land office fifteen miles away to save his homestead before the speculator should arrive to buy it from under his feet; the young lawyer dismounting and wading into the mud to free a poor pig that had become hopelessly imprisoned in the fence; and a story told by Mr. Speed of an occasion when he was traveling across country with Lincoln in company with a party of lawyers. Missing Lincoln in a thicket of wild plum and crab trees where the others had stopped to water their horses, Speed asked, "Where is he?" "O," replied one, "the last I saw of him he was hunting a nest to put back two young birds that had been blown out." And so the narrative grows richer and deeper. Honest Abe becomes the loved and trusted adviser of the poor, the defender of the wicked, for they also have rights and have need of pity; then he became the congressman, the great debater, the President, the emancipator, the martyr.

Now we come to the Lincoln soldiers. How they would sing:

"We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more,
From Mississippi's winding stream and from New England's shore;
We leave our plows and workshops, our wives and children dear,
With hearts too full for utterance, with but a silent tear;
We dare not look behind us, but steadfastly before;
We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more!"

Oh, the terrible war, four years long. Over 2,000,000 soldiers first and last were under his leadership, perhaps half as many earnest, honest, deluded men on the other side, for whom he also yearned with a father's love, a mother's pity. "Linkum soldiers," the colored people called the northern men, and the colored people that flocked to the camps of those "Linkum soldiers" by the thousand were called in turn contrabands—"contrabands of war"—because they were property, owned by those who were in rebellion against the government, and our government confiscated them under the articles of war, as it confiscated cotton or mules, corn or steamboats.

Some of these Lincoln soldiers were your fathers, uncles and grandfathers. You know many of them. I am proud of being one of them myself. I well remember the circumstances under which I first heard that name applied to me. It was when I lay in a Corinth cornfield with a crushed ankle. A "contraband" had brought me some water from a distant spring, and another was bathing my painful ankle. A great-hearted old aunty was fanning me and chafing my brow. Solicitous for her patient, she called to the gathering crowd: "Stand back there. It am a Linkum soldier who has done gone got run over. Stand back, I say; give him air." The phrase "Linkum soldier" went through me with a thrill. I was proud of the title then. I am more proud of the title now. A Lincoln soldier then meant one who believed in liberty for all men; one who thought that a black man was a man loved of God and that he should be respected by all the children of God. A Lincoln soldier then meant loyalty to the stars and stripes, reverence for the Declaration of Independence, fidelity to the Constitution of the United States. A Lincoln soldier then meant that, if need be, one would die for these things. It meant then carrying a sword, using a musket, or, as was my task, serving the cannon with its loud-mouthed terrors. But even then, Lincoln soldiers meant a love for a President whose heart yearned for the enemies of his country, who respected their feelings, who recognized their rights, who remembered that they had inherited not only slaves but slavery, that they were brought up to believe that slavery was right, that, as Lincoln said in his second great inaugural:

"Both armies read the same Bible and pray to the same God, and each invoked his aid against the other * * * Let us judge not that we be not judged. The prayer of both could not be answered, that of neither has been answered fully. The Almighty has his own purposes to fulfill."

Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and

until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said that "the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us finish the work we are in—to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and his orphans, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

Even then, to be a Lincoln soldier was to be led by one who has been called the "Prince of Pardoners." His was a forgiving heart.

The word "amnesty" means forgetting. President Lincoln never wearied in issuing his proclamations of amnesty. One, two, three, four and more such proclamations he issued, promising to forget and forgive everything to those who would come back, relent, pledge themselves anew to the Union, trust themselves once more to the law of kindness and the gospel of liberty and love.

The last important book concerning Abraham Lincoln, one that has just come to my hand, is a great work of five hundred pages, entitled "Lincoln's Plan of Reconstruction." It reveals, as no other book ever has, how great was his forgiving heart, how far-reaching was his mercy, how divine was his patience and his tenderness. But how he hated hatred, and how in love with love was he; how he pitied the beaten, how he regretted violence. He would have saved the country from war by having the government pay full value for every slave claimed in the Southern states, only so that thereafter there should be no more slaves; and now everybody sees how cheap a way out of the trouble that would have been, how wise and just was the suggestion.

We have gone far enough now to see something of what it means for you to take upon yourselves the title of "Lincoln soldiers." Little boys and girls, members of a church confirmation class thirty-seven years after the gracious President was laid to rest, with the nation, aye, the modern world, in tears as it never was before or after, you to be Lincoln soldiers! How is that possible? What can you do, and, still more, how can you be worthy the name?

First, you can, like the Lincoln soldiers on the first roll, love liberty. You can love freedom and, if necessary, you can die for it. You can hate with a divine hatred all kinds of slavery, and there are many kinds that still remain. You have read "Uncle Tom's Cabin." You know of the Emancipation Proclamation. I told you of Lincoln's oath when he saw the slave auction. I want you to believe that the Declaration of Independence is a sacred document, that Lincoln was right, that your fathers were right when they fought against slavery. Oh, how bad it was, how sad it was. How glad we ought to be that it is all over. And I want you to believe that the results of freedom are all good. I want you to know more and more the story of Frederick Douglass, of Booker T. Washington, Paul Dunbar and the many other colored men and women that have risen out of slavery and ignorance, obscurity and opposition, to be great and good, to be wise and useful, to be noble and helpful.

Last month I was down in Alabama. While there I found on the Gulf of Mexico a colored village which is still called "Afriky-Town." The basis of this community was a shipload of Congo negroes who were captured in Africa and brought to America to serve as slaves. They landed as late as 1859, and their captors, after clothing their naked bodies with American calico and coarse canvas, put them to work on their steamboats and plantations on the Alabama river, where they continued to work for their captors away up to the end of the war in 1865. Some fifteen of the original fifty-three stolen negroes are still alive. I shook hands and talked with four of them. One of them could spell his name, Osia Keeby, the name which he said his mother gave him in Dahomey. He was 19 years old when he came. As I talked to him he pointed to a white man driving by on the road, and, dropping his voice said: "Thar's the nephew of the man what brung us over." Aunt Zuma had the tribal scars on her face, the brand which was put upon her when a babe. Uncle Peter Lee could remember well the old country, though he thought he must now be a hundred years old. He raised his withered old hand to heaven, and looking up devoutly as if he could see beyond the skies, said, "I thank God I am free." Aunt Zuma said, "O it is great to be free!" And then she crooned for me a native hearthsong which her mother had taught her. She hoped her mother had heard that they were free before she died.

Lincoln soldiers must love freedom, and you Lincoln soldiers of the second roll must realize that there are other slaveries than the slavery of body. It is great to be free in mind, to be free in conscience, to be free from bad habits, coarse desires and selfish motives. Lincoln soldiers must love freedom.

But freedom, like money, wealth, or beauty, is good only when you do good with it. It is always in order to ask, "What are you going to do with your freedom, or with any other good thing?" All these things have been a curse to many and may be a curse to you.

There is a higher word than freedom in the dictionary of the true Lincoln soldier, and that is service. The Lincoln soldier seeks not his own ease, culture or safety. He is a member of society, a citizen of the nation and of the world. He is not like the old negro whom I saw down South with a basket full of tinware on his head. He had cooked in both armies, he said, and they were both good to him, for all soldiers like good cooking and he was a good cook. So far so good. But when I asked: "Are you sorry that we came down here and set you free? Do you wish you were back where you were before the war?" he replied "I jes' soon. I never had to pay no taxes or buy no clothes then, and I didn't have to work no harder nor now." He had freedom, but he did not know how to use it. He had not learned the next word—service.

Again, as Lincoln soldiers, you must live for an ideal. Your lives must be swayed with great purposes. And yet you must be gentle, pitiful, and helpful. How?

First, by plucking thistles. Now we come to our motto. Why pluck thistles? Because the thistle is a coarse plant that multiplies with great rapidity. Unless plucked, one thistle this year will sow a garden next year, and in a few years it will fill the fields and make barren the farm. The thistle offers food and shelter to but few animals. And so persistent is it that the law of Illinois inflicts a penalty upon the farmer who permits it to grow.

A little more than six hundred years ago a great preacher named John Tauler, who was connected with the Strassburg Cathedral in Germany, compared the slaves of passion and appetite, the weak and silly men of his time, to

"foolish asses, which never learn any forms of speech than their own braying, or seek any other comfort or sweetness, but only rough, tasteless thistles, while they have to endure scorn and many a hard and cruel blow, which they really do not deserve."

These, then, are the thistles to be plucked. First, out of our own hearts and lives, the coarse and crowding selfishness, the silly habits that will take possession of the garden plots in our hearts. Next, the thistles in the community, the narrow creeds, the habits that make men selfish, make lives exclusive, make boys proud and girls silly. O my children, pluck these thistles in order that you may have room to plant the flowers.

You know the flowers that I would speak of. You know the flowers in the Lincoln garden. You know

the flowers which it is the business of the "Lincoln soldier" to cultivate. The flowers of kindliness, helpfulness; the flowers of the spirit that bloom into the beatitudes, the golden rule, the ten commandments; the flowers that will grow naturally in your hearts if you do but give them an opportunity. We will let John Tauler preach to us again. He says:

Know this, dear children, that if all our teachers were buried, and all our books were burned, we should still find enough teaching and contrast to ourselves in the life and example of our Lord Jesus Christ, wherever we might need it, if we only diligently and earnestly learn how he went before, in silent patience, in gentleness, in adversity, in temptations, in resignation, in scorn, in poverty, and in all manner of bitter suffering and pain.

* * * * * * *

For, if we wish to attain to great and fruitful peace in God, in nature, but not of this world, we must first diligently and earnestly learn to make the best of things, and to endure, kindly and meekly, the behavior of all kinds of men, their ways and customs: for they will often try to afflict us. The behavior of other men and their ways will often vex and displease us; it will seem to us as though one person talked too much, another too little; one was too indolent, another too energetic; one erring in one way, another in another. Customs and fashions are so many and so various that they assail us in many secret and unsuspected ways. We must learn to withstand them all vigorously, that they may take no root in us.

My children, I must close. But I wish I could say in closing some things that you will remember. I have loved you on account of your open minds, your warm hearts, your earnest spirits. I know better than you can, for I speak from the vantage ground of my gray hairs, how the thistles may lodge in the garden of your souls. I want you to be good gardeners, worthy the name of Lincoln soldiers. I would have you prompt to pluck thistles and to plant flowers in their stead.

My boys, I mean the careless words on your tongues, the coarse pictures in your minds, the idle habit in your lives; I mean the cigarette and cigar, the oath, the indifference to church that prefers the woods or the golf field to the regular habit at church, and its many kindred associations that will help you keep out the thistles and plant the flowers, that will make you clean men, happy citizens, whether you be rich or poor.

My girls, I fear I see better than you can the thistledown now floating through the air around you that may take root in your hearts; the love of display, the giddy relish for shallow companionship, the passion for dress, the wastefulness of money, of time and of talent that will take you away from the dear love of books, the high inspiration of usefulness, the gentle, simple sweetness of service.

But I will trust you. I believe in you. I am sure that in one way or another you will overcome the thistles, or pluck them out of the heart even if they do get lodgement, and that flowers will grow there, flowers of your own and of others' planting.

So, as comrades in the great Lincoln army of peace, let us join in singing your class song:

Lincoln soldiers were our fathers, in the name of Liberty.
As Christ died to make men holy, as they died to make men free,
We would live to make men noble and would dwell in unity,
As we go marching on.
Glory, glory, Hallelujah, etc.

Lincoln soldiers were our fathers, Lincoln soldiers would we be,
We would live for Right and Justice as they died for Liberty,
We would rim with white the banner that they flung above the free,
As youth goes marching on.
Chorus.

We would learn to-day's new duties from each fresh occasion's plea,
We would lift our weaker brother with our love, where'er he be,
We would hush the mouths of cannons in all lands and on the sea,
As peace goes marching on.
Chorus.

Lincoln soldiers marching onward in the noontide's golden glow,
We would pluck the wayside thistle and would lay its proud head low,
We would plant a flower wherever there is soil for flower to grow,
As love goes marching on.
Chorus.

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## Wayside Benediction.

'Twas a bit of a song that was wafted to me
On the breath of the summer air
What matter if sung for another ear,
It lifted my heart from its care.

'Twas a bit of a flower that bloomed alone
On the edge of a dusty way,—
I thought of its cheery and delicate grace
When the night was cold and gray.

'Twas a bit of a smile on the lips of a child
As I passed him at his play
That warmed my heart and smoothed my brow
And kept me sweet all day.

'Twas a bit of a star that peeped out first
At the close of a day of care
That made me look up to the God of all Love
And close the day with a prayer.

Thus a song, a flower, a smile, a star
Had lightened the day for me,—
For a burden need never be helplessly borne
By one who can hear and see.

JESSIE AUGUSTA PRATT.

*Garnet, Elmore Co., Idaho.*

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## Is Labor a Curse?

Rightly or wrongly the Good Book is commonly credited with the ancient doctrine that labor is originally and essentially a curse and that its infliction is part of the inevitable penalty of sin. This idea is so thoroughly rooted in the popular consciousness that to many it will not seem matter for question or serious consideration at all. The familiar story of the farm laborer who apostrophised Adam in terms of censure every time that his back or limbs ached with stooping or toil, illustrates the position to perfection. According to the story Hodge reasoned that he was doomed to a life of irksome toil because of Adam's greediness for an apple and his selfish indulgence of appetite regardless of consequences. The good farmer and his wife who employed Hodge therefore devised a scheme by which to relieve him of this supposed consequence of Adam's transgression, and agreed to feed him well in idleness as long as he remained "good." The testing part of the scheme was to place upon the table at every meal one dish carefully closed down and marked "Don't touch!" How quickly Hodge's curiosity was excited and how soon he fell from grace on his own account, in a manner which forever put an end to his blame of Adam, need not be recited in detail. The point of the story to be emphasized here, however, is not his curiosity. As a matter of fact he was not betrayed solely by curiosity to know what was concealed in the forbidden dish. When he put forth his hand and lifted the dish-cover, exclaiming, "I'm tired of loafing, anyhow!" Hodge "let the mouse escape" in more than one sense. The ideal of indolence had lost its charms for him and he leaped back into the toilsome activities of his former life impelled by the force of a new interest in his work, his employers and his own future.

The common idea about labor is no doubt partly founded upon those verses in the third chapter of Gen-

esis where the Almighty is represented as pronouncing sentence upon Adam and Eve for their disobedience: "Cursed is the ground for thy sake; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life; thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee, and thou shalt eat the herb of the field; in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread until thou return unto the ground." The popular notion based upon the words of the ancient oracle is too vague to admit of precise analysis; but in the main it appears to be that if Adam had not sinned his descendants would not have had to work for a living. It should be remembered, however, that one of the first and most fundamental rules of Biblical interpretation is that one Scripture must be interpreted by another. Following this rule we read in the second chapter of Genesis that "The Lord God took the man and put him into the Garden of Eden to dress it and to keep it." This statement belongs to the period of time before the sin of Adam or the creation of Eve. It seems to follow from this that man was made and intended to work from the beginning. To "keep and dress" a garden means nothing less than to cultivate and take care of it, and as, presumably, there were neither negroes nor coolies of any other race in sight the plain conclusion seems to be that Adam had to do the work himself, even before he committed any sin. If we follow the oracle literally the presumption is that Adam did not have to pull weeds before the fall, but it seems quite clear that he had to work from the first.

And there is yet more of Scripture to be taken into account as bearing upon this question. In the closing verses of the first chapter of Genesis—those verses devoted to the creating of man and his commission as lord of creation—it is affirmed and repeated that he is to "subdue" and "have dominion over" all things and forms of life upon this earth. But to subdue the earth and to have dominion over its endless variety of living beings must involve immense and continuous toil under the most favorable natural conditions of which we can form any conception. Therefore whatever theory of mundane existence we adopt—whether that of the old Mosaic oracles or that which proceeds upon scientific lines—we have to recognize labor as one of the essential agencies of human existence and well-being; and in either case the question "Is labor a curse?" becomes one of absorbing interest.

At least two potent arguments may be urged against the popular superstition regarding labor, one of which concerns the nature of man and the other the nature, conditions, and laws of his environment. What are the forces and energies inherent in man's nature for, if not for action? Or what would become of them if they were allowed to remain inactive? Such questions need no answer. Man's nature, qualities, and inherent forces are developed in youth and sustained in maturity by exercise, and that exercise commonly means testing and tiring toil. Swiftness, force and endurance are all physical qualities which are only fully developed and maintained as the result of hard work. The same is true in the line of mental culture and progress. Thinking is a function of mind that has to be strenuously exercised if men are to be kept from lapsing into ignorance or imbecility; and yet a quite ancient authority assures us that "much study is a weariness to the flesh." On the other hand the objective conditions of human life are such as to render strenuous effort more or less necessary in every direction. To walk or swim or ride, to plow, sow, reap, thresh, grind, bake, weave or sew is to work. Both the necessaries and the luxuries of life are acquired by dint of necessary and tiring toil. In short, human existence is still, as it always has been, more or less of a struggle between man and the inert forces and laws of material nature. In the modern history of the struggle man's achievements have wonderfully increased in both number and magnitude. The necessities of human effort, however, for the purposes of existence, while somewhat changed in form are by no means diminished in fact. The toil and stress and strain of life continue unabated.

The problem of labor is complex and seems difficult if not impossible of solution. Modern doctrines of government and society have simplified it somewhat. Slavery, for example, with its legalized power of one race over another for purposes of labor, has been forever abolished. But in connection with voluntary commercial servitude there remains, among others, the "misfit puzzle" in all its glaring bewilderment. All the world over, people are fretting over the trouble of trying to fit the square peg into the round hole, and *vice versa*. A physical Hercules mixing drugs—a puny asthmatical weakling struggling to make a living with a dump-cart—superior business ability at the post of a night-watchman—and blundering stupidity running a large business into the Bankruptcy Court—these are typical forms of a widespread evil for which there seems no ready or infallible cure. Another perennial part of the problem of labor is the inequality of compensation, a matter which, here and there, is always being adjusted but never staying fixed. Clearly the "curse" of labor should be sought elsewhere than in the mere fact of toil, or in the difficulty of adjusting the back to the burden, or in the mutual and ever-recurring strifes of Capital and Labor. Distressing as these things are, the root of the trouble consists not in any of these things nor in all of them put together.

But does not the old Edenic story suggest what the real "curse" of labor is? It is worthy of note that while Adam and Eve remain in Eden and the conditions are favorable, there is not one word of complaint about the stress and toil of their task in taking care of the garden. When the hardship begins they are outside. They have lost their home; and now, cut off from all the old interests, they are facing a cold bleak world to begin life afresh under the most dispiriting conditions. Ten thousand times over since then has that old story been re-enacted, one familiar form of it being the foreclosing of a miserable mortgage. The truth at the heart of this whole matter is that toil becomes drudgery, slavery, or even a "curse" when the toiler dislikes it or feels no pleasurable interest in it. The nature of the toil is a minor factor in the reckoning, the personal interest of the toiler in his work being the all-important consideration. Regarded from this point of view the carrying of a hod or the arduous labor of the harvest-field in the broiling summer heat may be easy, while the bossing of a chain-gang with a shot-gun may be unbearably wearisome. When every man does his allotted work with the pleasure or willinghood of a personal interest the millennium will be here to stay. On the other hand, the principles of human nature and the conditions of human life are such that dislike or lack of interest can change the lightest effort of mind or body into oppressive toil.

A general blindness to this great truth has much to do with the miseries of the toiling masses. Its effects are manifest even in early youth. Put a lad to do something which is called "work," and you must offer him an inducement if you want it done; but leave him free to "play," and he will probably work much harder for his own amusement. The "Weary Willies," the loafers, and the ne'er-do-weels of the world who are "too smart to work," often work harder to avoid work than they would need to do in pursuit of an honest and useful calling. Of all the miserable parasites of society one of the most despicable is the lout whose "perfeshun is laziness." Vacant of worthy ambition and incapable of a generous impulse his ugly presence in the street is a loathsome nuisance. Ugh! Civilized society today knows no phase or quality of labor which is half as offensive and distressing as the "curse" of lazy laborless loafers, rich and poor, which infests all the large cities of the civilized world.

With all my soul I pity the sane and healthy man or woman (if such can be found) who cannot enjoy the luxury of hard work. Hard work becomes a luxury in proportion to your interest in the thing you are doing; it becomes drudgery or slavery in proportion as external constraint takes the place of interest. The term "interest" here may of course include pay in dollars and cents, but it should mean something more than that. Although labor is properly and of necessity a marketable commodity, the best work is not done for money, neither is it always rewarded with the most money. The best work is done from love of the work itself or of some purpose or person intended to be served by it, rather than by the mere ambition for financial reward. The Bible speaks with effective scorn of the laborer that "earnestly desireth the shadow" and of the hireling shepherd who in time of peril to his flock "fleeth because he is an hireling." Those are the kinds of men who whine that labor is a curse because they are themselves inert, purposeless, and too cowardly to face the fierce front of Nature and win for themselves the advantage of life's varied discipline. But the "loafer" is doomed. Unless he can be brought to keep step with the procession he will have to get out or be kicked out. Even the old Apostolic rule said "that if any would not work, neither should he eat." The policy of doing as little as possible in so much time or for so many dollars will be shadowed with ever-deepening discredit until it gives way to the counter-policy of every man doing his most and his best. The spirit of the twentieth century will supplant sluggish inaction and listless routine with daring enterprise and aggressive force. More than ever before the men to make their mark in the world will be lifted out of the hireling class into leading and ruling positions by the force of living interest in their work. And this trend of things, however materialistic in some of its aspects, must inevitably make for righteousness of life and strength of character. For a man's mental attitude and the action of his will, more than anything else or than all other things put together, must ever decide whether work shall be to him a curse or a blessing. As Lowell puts it:

"For the fulfillment and delight of man,
'Tis truth to teach that labor is divine.

" 'Twere better, almost, be at work in sin,
Than in a brute inaction browse and sleep.
No man is born into the world whose work
Is not born with him; there is always work,
And tools to work withal, for those who will;
And blessed are the horny hands of toil!
The busy world shoves angrily aside
The man who stands with arms akimbo set,
Until occasion tells him what to do;
And he who waits to have his task marked out
Shall die and leave his errand unfulfilled."

"A man's right hand,
A right hand guided by an earnest soul,
With a true instinct takes the golden prize
From out a thousand blanks. What men call luck
Is the prerogative of valiant souls."

The orthodox heaven of our grandfathers was contemplated as a place of rest. Necessarily so, because it was a physical heaven. The physical man tires, and the energies and elasticity of the material body wear out. But is not this the real reason why man sheds his body and leaves it behind? The tireless aspiring spirit drops the material part when the latter becomes an incumbrance. Is it not probable that the spirit then passes into a state of higher and intenser activity than was ever possible amid physical conditions? To imagine the human spirit liberated from its physical cage, becoming suddenly conscious of the vast and varied possibilities of its own nature and of the great spiritual universe around it—to imagine such a being sinking into a condition of eternal rest, inaction, quiescence is anomalous, unnatural, impossible. It is simply unthinkable that any human spirit worthy of heaven could desire to spend eternity there in indolent ease and lazy languor. To quote Lowell again:

"Heaven is not idle; in that higher sphere
The spirit bends itself to loving tasks,
And strength to perfect what it dreamed of here
Is all the crown and glory that it asks.
Be sure in heaven's wide chambers there is room
For love and pity and for helpful deeds;
Else were our summons thither but a doom
To life more vain than this in earthly weeds."

*San Francisco, Cal.*

REV. SAMUEL SLOCOMBE.

## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

### The Old Testament Bible Stories Told for the Young

—by—

W. L. SHELDON,
*Lecturer of the Ethical Society of St. Louis.*

### XXVII.

**The Story of Balaam.**

In the course of the many experiences which these people had to go through, during those years of waiting, there is one event, however, which you might care to hear about, because of what happened in connection with it. You may, perhaps, already have heard of Balaam. It is a story which is often told about the children of Israel in those early days when they were wandering in the wilderness.

It seems that at one time they had met with a tribe of people called the Moabites, who were quite hostile, but at the same time very much afraid. And the name of the king of this people was Balak. As we are told in our story:

"Moab was sore afraid of the people because they were many; and Moab was distressed because of the children of Israel, saying: Now shall this multitude lick up all that is round about us, as the ox licketh up the grass of the field."

They were very much concerned, therefore, as to what they should do in order to protect themselves and to overcome the Israelites. And at last they fell upon a scheme which will seem very strange to us. In those early days, as you know, there was a belief among many people that a certain class of persons might do an injury by pronouncing curses. It was felt that if such men should speak a curse upon anybody, that the language carried with it somehow much possible harm to that person. Balak, the king of the Moabites, made up his mind accordingly that he would have this done if possible upon the children of Israel. And the man he selected for the purpose was Balaam.

He sent messengers to this person, therefore, saying: "Behold, there is a people come out from Egypt; they cover the face of the earth, and they abide over against me. Come now, therefore, I pray thee, curse me this people; for they are too mighty for me. Peradventure I shall prevail, that we may smite them and that I may drive them out of the land; for I know that he whom thou blesseth is blessed, and he whom thou curseth is cursed."

But the Ruler over All warned Balaam that he should not go with them, saying: "Thou shalt not curse the people; for they are blessed." The servants of the king were, therefore, obliged to return disappointed. But again Balak sent other messengers, princes even more noble than the first, and they came to Balaam and said to him: "Thus saith Balak: "Let nothing, I pray thee, hinder thee from coming unto me. For I will promote thee unto very great honor, and I will do whatsoever thou sayest unto me. Come now, therefore, I pray thee, curse me this people." And Balaam

answered and said unto the servants of Balak: "If Balak would give me his house full of silver and gold, I cannot go beyond the word of the Lord to do less or more."

We cannot help thinking that the man was a little disappointed the first time. While he felt that he could not disobey, yet somehow we are inclined to assume that he wanted to carry out the wishes of Balak. He was one of those men who like to have their own way in spite of the commands which might be laid upon them. He would not actually disobey, but his obedience was what we should call of a half-hearted kind. There are a good many people who have this trait of character and it shows itself in many ways.

Under the circumstances, it seemed best to the Lord that Balaam should be allowed to go to the king of the Moabites and be put to a test. The man in this way might learn something which would be valuable for him throughout his whole life. It was said to him, therefore; "If the men come to call thee, rise up and go with them; but yet the word which I shall say unto thee, that shalt thou do."

And Balaam rose up in the morning and saddled his ass and went with the princes of Moab. On the way, however, he had a very striking experience. He was to be disciplined a little by the Ruler of the World, and to find out that a true obedience should be wholehearted. He was riding along absent-mindedly, buried in his thoughts, scarcely conscious of where he was, perhaps thinking what words he should use in order to carry out the wish of the king of the Moabites, when suddenly the ass he rode came to a stop. A messenger of the Lord had been sent to give Balaam a warning, and stood there in the way. But for some strange reason, he was not seen by Balaam, who had been buried in his own thoughts and perhaps a little troubled in conscience. As we are told in our story:

Now he was riding upon his ass and his two servants were with him. And the ass saw the messenger standing in the way, with the sword drawn in his hand; and the ass turned aside out of the way and went into a field; and Balaam smote the ass to turn her into the way. Then the messenger stood in a hollow way between the vineyards, a fence being on this side and a fence on that side. And the ass saw the messenger and she thrust herself into the wall and crushed Balaam's foot against the wall. And he smote her again. And the messenger went further and stood in a narrow place where there was no way to turn either to the right hand nor to the left. And the ass saw the angel of the Lord and she lay down under Balaam. And Balaam's anger was kindled and he smote the ass with his staff.

Then what do you suppose happened? It was something most unusual and contrary to all our experiences. In the agitation of mind that Balaam was under, he seemed to hear a voice, as if it were the ass herself speaking to him, saying: "What have I done unto thee, that thou hast smitten me these three times?" And Balaam said unto the ass: "Because thou hast mocked me. I would there were a sword in my hand, for now I had killed thee." As he was speaking, he came out of himself and awoke fully to where he was, and now for the first time saw the messenger of the Lord standing before him. And he bowed his head and fell on his face. And the messenger of the Lord said unto him: "Wherefore hast thou smitten thine ass these three times?" And Balaam said: "I have sinned; for I knew not that thou stoodest in the way against me; now, therefore, if it displease thee, I will get me back again."

It shows us what excitement was going on in the mind of Balaam. He had not been at peace within himself; for he had been pulled all the while in two ways. Down in his heart he was conscious that he had really wanted to carry out the wishes of king Balak, while he knew it had been contrary to the wish of his Lord. He felt somehow as if he deserved a punishment. And now the warning came again from this messenger, saying in stern language, as if it was spoken right out of the conscience of Balaam himself: "Go with the men; but yet the word that I shall speak unto thee, that thou shalt speak."

And when he had come to Balak, he was taken up on one of the high places where the Moabites used to make sacrifices to their idols, and he was asked to curse the children of Israel. As he stood there by the altar, he began to speak, saying: "Balak, king of Moab, hath brought me here, telling me, Come, curse me Jacob, and come, defy Israel. How shall I curse whom the Lord hath not cursed? For from the tops of the rocks I see him and from the hills I behold him, Who can count the dust of Jacob and the number of the fourth part of Israel? Let me die the death of the righteous and let my last end be like his."

And Balak said unto Balaam: "What hast thou done unto me? I took thee to curse my enemies and behold thou hast blessed them altogether." And he said again: "Come, I pray thee, with me unto another place from whence thou mayest see them; and curse me them from thence." And he took Balaam to another high place where there were other altars. And once more the solemn words came forth: "Rise up, Balak, and hear. The Lord is not a man that he should lie; neither the son of man, that he should repent. Hath he said and shall he not do it? Or hath he spoken, and shall he not make it good? He hath blessed and I cannot reverse it."

And Balak said unto Balaam: "Come, I pray thee, I will bring thee unto another place. And peradventure it will please the Lord that thou mayest curse me them from thence." All this will appear very strange to us nowadays. We can scarcely understand it at all. It takes us back, you see, to a far away world in time long, long ago. But we see that Balaam was now obedient in spite of himself. He had received his lesson there on the way, as he rode from his home to the abode of the king. It was plain enough to him now that there was to be no half-hearted obedience. He had to say exactly what he was told to say.

The third time, therefore, from the third high place, he stood by an altar. And Balaam lifted up his eyes and he saw Israel, dwelling according to their tribes. And he took up his parable and said: "How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob, and thy tabernacles, O Israel! As the valleys are they spread forth, as gardens by the river side, and as cedar trees beside the waters. Blessed is he that blesseth thee and cursed is he that curseth thee."

And Balak's anger was kindled against Balaam and he smote his hands together. And Balak said unto Balaam: "I called thee to curse my enemies and behold thou hast altogether blessed them these three times. Therefore, now, flee thou to thy place."

It was a sad experience for Balak and perhaps also a painful one for Balaam. Perhaps they had been friends in former times. But this stupid king had no right to ask of his friend to pronounce such a curse. It was weak on his part. Yes, worse, it was wicked. Perhaps, too, it was a discovery to Balaam. He may have found out that there was no power in himself to bless or to curse; that words just from his lips, out of himself, were mere words and had no meaning, save as they spoke for the Ruler of the World. It was a lesson in humility to Balaam and a punishment upon Balak for his idolatry.

To the Teacher: It may seem at first as if there were no actual lesson of value to be found in the story of Balaam. But under any circumstances, it must be told to the young people, because it is one of the best

known tales from the Bible. On careful examination, however, we may see some valuable points to be found in the narrative. There is a suggestion of weakness of character in Balaam himself, and this can readily be pointed out. On the other hand, there is also the lesson suggested in the superstition of Balak. We must note that he was a worshiper of Baal and therefore an idolator. This belief in the influence of a curse went, therefore, with his idolatry. We do not wish to go far into the general subject of superstitions, but we can point out the weakness in supposing that any one man by his own authority may exert a sinister influence through the mere force of spoken words. There is a great deal more in this than merely the extraordinary incident which usually stands out so conspicuously, of the ass speaking to Balaam,—although this is the feature which has often been emphasized as the one incident to be remembered.

MEMORY VERSES: *If Balak would give me his house full of silver and gold, I cannot go beyond the word of the Lord, to do less or more.*

*"The Lord is not a man that he should lie; neither the son of man that he should repent. Hath he said and shall he not do it? Or hath he spoken and shall he not make it good?"*

## THE STUDY TABLE.

### Notes.

From the Century Company I am in receipt of "Policeman Flynn," by Elliott Flower. This book is thoroughly good as a take-off on some of our municipal matters and matters domestic. The wit is of the best—which is more than we can say of most of the humor that recently has been offered the public. The illustrations are also excellent. If anyone wants to get rid of a headache or a tired feeling, try "Policeman Flynn."

"Training the Church of the Future," by Rev. Dr. Francis E. Clark, is from Funk & Wagnalls Company. It is a set of lectures delivered before Auburn Theological Seminary. The author says that the great problem before us is the upbuilding of the Kingdom of Christ. "It is not simply the Christian nurture of the young, but it is the Christian nurture of the young for a purpose—for the sake of the Kingdom." Here is a sample of a pledge, which will give the keynote to the book: "Trusting the Lord Jesus Christ for strength, I promise Him that I will strive to do whatever He would like to have me do, that I will pray to Him and read the Bible every day; and that just so far as I know how, throughout my whole life, I will try to lead a Christian life." There is much to say in favor of such a pledge; and then again it is very questionable whether it is just the pledge that we need. I certainly should wish my children to lead a Christian life, if by that is meant a life of manly endeavor, beauty of character, and generosity in relation to the weak. But if by Christian life is meant to join a church, believe in a creed, and keep Christian ordinances I should prefer another pledge. Nor do I quite understand what this trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ for strength means. If it means that a full, clear and independent consideration of Jesus will secure that strength that comes from noble friendship, then do I wish my boys to get very close to Jesus—for a manlier character is hardly to be found in history. A pledge to read the Bible every day may be of value, or it may not. A perfunctory reading of the Golden Rule might do more mischief than good. Mr. Clark will be recognized as the founder of the Society of Christian Endeavor. I do not doubt that much good has come from this society.

Another book from Funk & Wagnalls is "Windows for Sermons;" by Rev. Dr. Louis Albert Banks. This book hangs upon the knack, which some people have, of not being able to hear a hen cackle without being spiritually quickened. They tack a moral onto a recipe for making salad; and get religious life out of a tack hammer.

E. P. P.

### April Magazines.

If only we could throw in an extra month without letting the publishers of the magazines know it, so that we could have time to read the April output, the labors in this most interesting branch of letters would be more worth the while. As it is, one can scarcely more than turn the tempting leaves and note the articles one would love to read. Here are some of them:

THE CENTURY: The Appomattox Papers, with the beautiful pictures of Gen. Robert E. Lee. The revealing exhibit of recent discoveries concerning Buddha by Rhys Davids, and the poetic contributions of Markham and Burroughs make this a valuable number.

THE ATLANTIC: "Pan-American Diplomacy," by John W. Foster, is a contribution to the world of politics that demands the attention of every thinking citizen. "The Day's Work of a Forester," by Paul Griswold Huston, is a fascinating introduction to the belated science of forestry.

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS: If there is a table of contents in the April number of this magazine besides the announcement without page reference on the title page, we have been unable to find it, though in the search for it we were compelled to give some attention to the voluminous advertisements which doubtless are more profitable to the publishers than a page devoted to a clear table of contents, easily found, but not so convenient to the "hurried reader" for whose special benefit this magazine fills a "long-felt want."

ST. NICHOLAS: Prof. Gore's "Peculiarities of Arctic Life," and Prof. Canfield's "The Boys of Rincom Ranch," are of a kind to attract the boys. If singing in a choir makes such prigs and hypocritical posturers of the boy singers as is indicated by many of the pictures in this article on "Boy Choristers," we should think the practice a dangerous one to the spiritual natures of the boys. Those "aspiring eyes" and this "meditative gaze into futurity" do not make us love the boys any the better.

THE INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL OF ETHICS: This is an exceptionally rich number of this always rich magazine. "Religion and Ethics," by Prof. Knox, of the Union Theological School; "Poems of Meredith," by F. M. Starwell; "The Ethics of Speculation," by John A. Ryan, of the Catholic University of Washington; "America's Duty in the Philippines," by William Salter; besides a valuable book review department, are among the treasures.

BRUSH AND PENCIL seems to justify its claim of being the leading art magazine in America. The March number contains an appreciation of Varestchagin's art, by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, with ten beautiful illustrations.

MCCLURE'S: Another magazine so full of advertising and pictures that there is no place for a table of contents. At least we fail to find it.

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE is a magazine with a table of contents; some more interesting "Washington-Greene Correspondence;" Paul Revere and his story made visibly real; "Early Churches of Boston" hold our attention.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF SOCIOLOGY: This quarterly for March contains a continuation of Lester

Ward's "Contemporary Sociology," and Prof. Munsterburg's "Poor-Relief in the United States," with fifteen or more pages noting contemporary contributions and the literature of this growing science.

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING: Cute pictures indicating how to physically develop the child.

THE CHAUTAUQUAN: Interesting studies into the critical times of the Civil War and a "Tramp Through the Black Forest" splendidly illustrated.

HARPER'S, with a page full of winning contents easily found. "Fifty Synthetic Chemistry," by Carl Snyder; "The Relations of Animals and Plants," by N. S. Shaler, with John Burroughs, Bret Harte, Octave Thanet, and Father Tabb among the other contributors.

THE OPEN COURT: Prof. Delitzsch "Babel and Bible," a revealing article magnificently illustrated.

THE POLITICAL SCIENCE QUARTERLY: The book reviews are the most attractive, and among these an estimate of the Tax Commission Reports of Wisconsin, Michigan, Kansas and Virginia, are probably the most available. Thomas Jefferson is still a non-appreciative feature in American life. A timely study of his political theory is found here.

THE CURRENT ENCYCLOPEDIA: This publication, which throws into encyclopedic form current developments of prominent interest, is steadily growing in ability and may we say agility; that is, the power of discovering the salient things in current official documents. The articles on "Colonial Administration," "Great Britain" and the "South American States," "Colombia and Paraguay," "Universities and Colleges," are particularly valuable.

## THE HOME.

### Helps to High Living.

SUN. We should impart to others our courage and not our despair, our health and ease, and not our disease.

MON. I would have each one be very careful to find out and pursue *his own* way, in making his home, and not his father's or his mother's or his neighbor's instead

TUES. To maintain one's self on this earth is not a hardship, but a pastime, if we live simply and wisely.

WED. I would rather sit on a pumpkin and have it all to myself than be crowded on a velvet cushion.

THURS. The improvements of ages have had but little influence on the essential laws of man's existence.

FRI. There are a thousand hacking at the branches of evil to one who is striking at the root.

SAT. Those who would not know what to do with more leisure than they now enjoy, I might advise to work twice as hard as they do—work till they pay for themselves, and get their free papers. *Henry D. Thoreau.*

### A Would-be Patriot.

I'd like to be a patriot
I wonder if I can!
Papa says I am growing fast,
And soon will be a man.

I want to be a patriot,
Like General Washington;
But now there is not any way
And so I can't be one.

If there's a war when I am old,
Real old, perhaps I might
Stay home and be a patriot,
And send my sons to fight!

I rather think I'd like that kind
Of patriot to be;
For battles are so dangerous,
I might get hurt, you see!

—*Youth's Companion.*

### An Old-Fashioned Letter.

Over a hundred years ago little girls expressed themselves very differently from their present easy manner of talking. Wrote one of them then in beautiful vertical script:

"Have I made such improvements as to give my dear papa and friends satisfaction? I am sensible that I am greatly indebted to mamma and you for the pains that has been taken with my education. I send to —— my duty and my love to you."

Nature studies must even then have been known in school, for the same little girl describes an ant-eater which was brought to her school: "He seems to know he must mind his master. When told to lie down and put his hands over his eyes, he obeyed immediately; when it was time to go home, his basket being opened, he jumped in. If you drum upon his basket, he will sing like several birds. His note, however, is very shrill."

Then she goes on to say: "Sometime, when you see any pretty bunches of calico that come for patchwork, I wish you would purchase some for your daughter. . . . Do not hurry yourself for the purpose of pleasing me."

At the close of her letter she asks for advice, as some children never do, for she writes to her mother: "When a person makes an unkind speech, which do you think the most advisable,—to make a mild reply or to keep silent? Whichever you approve of, please to write me word, and I will endeavor to do the same." And this little girl was a very little girl, away from home.

She also used to write down each Sunday her recollections of the morning and afternoon sermons. She ruled her own lines on coarse paper far apart, and sometimes wrote as much as three pages. The sermon about Jephthah's daughter must have made her feel very queer, for she wrote that his daughter "has set us an excellent example to imitate of filial affection, as she was willing to execute all her father's commands. If all children were like her, how happy should we make our friends!"

By and by the little girl grew up and married, and preserved some of her husband's college bills, when he was at Harvard, just because they were his. In those days Harvard boys had to pay for "steward and commons," for "sizings," for "study and cellar rent," for "sweepers and sand," and for "fines" for "disorder in a room" or "absence from prayers"; and interest was computed on the fines if they were not paid promptly!

But all those ways are changed; and little girls now write jolly letters, though they use too much slang, and Harvard boys spend money for football and Class Day and to help other fellows along, instead of paying fines as a hundred years ago.—*K. G. W. in Every Other Sunday.*

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# THE FIELD.

***"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."***

## Grandma's Verdict.

"The world has never been so sweet,
No, never before!" she said;
"The willows never so yellow,
The maples never so red!"

But we just laughed and said to her,
"Why, grandma, every spring
Ever since we can remember,
You have said the selfsame thing!"

"La, well-a-day, perhaps I have,
I'm forgetful, old and gray,
Maybe I have said so before;
I say it again to-day.

"And when the maples lose their fire,
When the willows turn to buff,
And the skies are only commonplace,
I have lived here long enough.

"When the spring-time is no marvel,
And the summer-time but heat,
When I can see but merchandise
In a field of waving wheat;

"When the green of distant meadows
Means nothing to me but hay,
I'll close my eyes for good and all,
For I shall have had my day."

—*Anna J. Granniss.*

LITHIA SPRINGS, ILLINOIS. The corner stone of a library chapel was laid with imposing ceremony on the 12th inst. This is also to be the Philosophy Hall and class room for the great Chautauqua led by Brother Douthit. Lithia Springs is a power more and more to be reckoned with in Southern Illinois.

EDITORIAL WANDERINGS.—Last week the senior editor paid a flying trip to Hillside, Wis. There was an illustrated lecture in Unity Chapel on "Lincoln as Commander in Chief" one evening, a religious service next evening, and a tender welcome service, during which the right hand of fellowship was extended to twelve young people, who desired to relate themselves organically to the Unity Church that seeks to be a section of the Church Universal; the laying of the corner stone of a new much-needed school building for the Hillside Home School, and some tree planting preparations and arrangements at Tower Hill.

At Kalamazoo, Michigan, last Sunday night the Rev. T. B. Byrnes was installed pastor of the People's Church. The senior editor of UNITY preached the sermon, J. H. Crooker, of Ann Arbor, gave the charge to the minister and the installing prayer, Rev. F. C. Southworth, of Chicago, the right hand of fellowship, and Rev. E. C. Smith, a former pastor, now of Hinsdale, Ill., charged the people. The beautiful church edifice was filled and Mr. Byrnes confronts a noble and inspiring opportunity.

## Foreign Notes.

GREAT BRITAIN AND THE OPIUM TRADE.—Long and often has the forcing the opium trade upon China at the point of the bayonet been held up as an undying shame and reproach to the British nation, yet we have been wont to think of it as a long past crime, largely repented of and which would not now be repeated. How slowly the opium traffic dies at the hands of the mother country may be seen in this paragraph from the *Indian Messenger* concerning the "need and progress of opium legislation":

"The opium traffic of the government has been continually, and of late years considerably expanding. The opium policy of the government has been, we may say, universally condemned. The apologists of the government's policy support it only as a necessary evil. It is time that this disgraceful affair should be seriously attended to with a definite resolution to put a stop to it. The Society for the Suppression of the Opium Trade has recently forwarded a memorial to the Marquis of Salisbury, His Majesty's prime minister, with regard to the policy adopted by the Indian government of late years in largely extending the cultivation of the poppy in British India, notwithstanding numerous and express pledges in behalf of successive governments in this country that no such increase should take place, but that on the contrary this cultivation should be diminished." The memorial prays that "in view of the discredit attaching to the British name from its connection with this trade, the poppy culture in India may not be increased but steadily diminished." A more energetic and careful watching of the government's policy is highly desirable. The opium legislation, we are gratified to note, is steadily making progress in New Zealand. That most advanced little island, not only of British possessions but, we may say, of all the countries, has just passed an act for the total prohibition of the trade in opium except for medical use. The bill is a very drastic measure. The Australian colonies are also waging an active campaign against opium traffic. But the stronghold of this infamous business is India, and it is the duty of the philanthropists of all nations to kill the demon in his central den.

MORAL DANGER OF CALCUTTA STUDENTS.—Another plea that the *Indian Messenger* makes in behalf of decency and morality is for the protection of Calcutta university students. After speaking of the regenerating force of the early leaders of the Brahmo Somaj half a century ago, the editor continues: "But things have assumed a different aspect now, a real reaction has spread its influence over every walk of our social life, conscience has ceased to reign, and laws of pure living are being openly violated. Boys of very tender years are seen to practice vices which are abominations to society and to all noble feelings. Our theaters have become standing nuisances and are slowly but surely sapping the moral vitality of the nation. Moreover there is a graver problem which ought to attract the immediate attention of the leaders of society. What we mean is the 'bad-houses,' popularly known as houses of ill-fame, in the near vicinity of educational institutions, which are telling most injuriously upon the moral lives of our students. Then there are the spurious publications that daily see the light, in the shape of books, booklets, journals and stories. These Grub-Street publications play a very important part in suffocating high and noble aspirations of true manhood and national regeneration. These are a few of the moral dangers before our young men which we lay before the public today for their serious consideration. Christians are taught to pray, lead us not into temptation; we want to add a positive note to this, lead us away from temptation....This is a matter in which the University should be interested above all, because it is the University which, by drawing in the young men into the metropolis, is particularly responsible for their well-being. We should think it at least as important that the University should create a safe, healthy moral atmosphere for its undergraduates as give them sound education or good professors...At the time of the reorganization of our universities, this side of the question should be firmly impressed on the minds of the authorities. It may be necessary to invest the University with special police prerogatives, as in Oxford and Cambridge, or otherwise to enable it to cope with these evils and maintain discipline...We regret that neither Lord Curzon nor Honorable Mr. Raleigh has so far said anything on this very important matter. But it is not yet too late. We hope some of the witnesses in Calcutta will bring forward the question for the consideration of the Education Commission."

LOTTERY LEGISLATION.—The marked difference in public sentiment regarding lotteries in this country and in many countries of Europe is suggestively illustrated by the following paragraph clipped from a Swiss religious paper: (The italics are ours.)

"By an order dated March 12, the Swiss postal department has just ruled that in future postoffices may not forward journals, whether home or foreign, containing either in their advertising columns or in their text, information or special announcements concerning *lotteries not authorized by com-*

*petent Swiss authority.* Measures are taken to have the necessary examination of mails with this matter in view interfere with and delay the forwarding as little as possible."

M. E. H.

## Correspondence.

### THE APOTHEOSIS OF UNITARIANISM.

We will not willingly allow our correspondent to force an antithesis where none exists. The thought expressed at the close of the following letter is quite in accord with the spirit of our editorial. All reforms sooner or later die into the larger life, all schisms however noble triumph when they cease to be schisimatic because their point is made. Channing and his successors stoutly insisted that they stood not for a "new" but a pure type of "positive faith"—even such as was the faith of the Nazarene. Even the "Institutions and organizations referred to are valuable and successful only as they yield to the law of adjustment and readjustment. We did not propose to "bow out" the movement but bow it into that "coming religious unity" which is the fundamental ideal of Judaism, Christianity and all the elder faiths, for which the word Unitarian is a comparatively local and transient name. With our correspondent we look for great realizations and abounding life to the faith which Channing, Parker and Emerson shared with the prophets, saints and sages of all times.—Eds.

DEAR UNITY: I am not quite content to let one or two statements in your kindly reference to "Fifty Years of Unitarianism in the West" pass unchallenged. Referring to the fact that the Unitarian movement cannot fairly be estimated by its statistics, you go on to say, "It has no figures to boast of or to be ashamed of, for, like all protests, to a great extent it is self-limiting. For such movements to succeed is to die, for success means to make themselves unnecessary.

"It came into being as a protest against irrationalism in religion. It protested against crippling dogmas and science antagonizing doctrines, and in so far as the religious world has ceased to emphasize such dogmas and doctrines, and existing religions have taken up with sweet reasonableness, with science and with the progressive hospitality to thought that was always the heart of the Unitarian contention, its *raison d' etre* has ceased to be. But while creed-fetters and narrowness abound there will be an unfinished task for it to perform."

I am in cordial sympathy with the spirit that inspired these sentences,—the desire to have done with all unnecessary divisions in religion, in order that the great work of religion for the world may be the better accomplished. But it seems to me a misreading of plain facts and tendencies to speak of the Unitarian movement as simply a protest, that is to cease as soon as the conditions against which it was made no longer exist. From the beginning, Unitarianism has been a brave protest against the cramping narrowness of creed-bound religion. But it has been much more than this, even from the beginning namely, a new type of positive faith, of faith unbounded by doctrinal limitations, conceived by Channing and his successors in the freedom of the spirit, and nourished by all the marvellous intellectual advance of the last century. The men who are now preaching in Unitarian pulpits do not find it necessary to keep up the old attitude of protest to any extent. That work is being done for us by those in the more restricted churches who are feeling the need, as our fathers in New England felt it, of battling for their freedom. But this freedom has long been ours, and we are trying to use it for the only end for which freedom can be of any use,—to strengthen and sweeten human life.

If I understand the spirit of my fellow-workers in this task, we have no desire to be bowed out to make room for others, by however polite suggestions that our work will not be much longer needed. When Dr. Gordon, of the Old South Church in Boston, advises us to "engage in a serious meditation with death," we reply that we have much more pressing business on hand which is likely to detain us indefinitely. And when UNITY, with whatever kindliness of intention, hints that after our needful protest has been heeded we may retire on our laurels, we can see only humor in the idea.

Why should we stop what we are doing, just as the more advanced denominations are beginning to show signs that the principle of the unfettered mind in religion—for which our churches have contended against heavy odds for three generations—is the coming principle in all the churches? There is only one thing to do, and that is to go right on. We rejoice in the growing liberality of the religious world, but we do not see anywhere the churches that are prepared to do our work. And even if churches like ours in all but name existed in every town and city in the land, we should still have to be faithful to our own constituencies, which are not diminishing, but increasing as fast as some of us care to keep up with them. That the spiritual force stored up in these four hundred and fifty or more churches—with their century of splendid service for religious liberty, with their National Association, their numerous conferences, state, sectional and national, and their educational institutions, some of these organizations largely endowed—that this force is to cease operating, or is to do anything but go on increasing at its previous slow but sure rate of growth, is a supposition that we do not entertain for a moment. There is nothing in the present situation to show that we need to entertain it.

It will always be the glory of American Unitarianism to have given the names of Channing, Parker and Emerson to the world. The last two, indeed, were rejected by the majority of those who represented organized Unitarianism in their day, as the prophets even of liberalism have had to be; still they are, with Channing, the true representatives and leading spirits of Unitarianism now. The work of the church that cherishes their memories as peculiarly its own is not about to close. It is a work, rather, that is only just beginning! Its nature is such that it can never cease to be needed in the world. Or, if it were to end, it must be, as the hymn says,

"Into a larger life to die."

This "larger life" it is of which UNITY is the faithful herald. But to die into it will be for Unitarianism to reach its Nirvana,—the painless heaven of its blessed immortality. For if present signs do not entirely fail, the coming religious unity will be so much in accord with the Unitarian ideal that if the name is changed to something else none of its defenders will greatly care. Only the Unitarian name can never be forgotten, any more than the names Protestantism and Democracy will be forgotten; for it is an application of the same principle for which these names have stood to the religious needs of the new time. It is of the things which the world will not willingly let die.

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